

E.B. Fairweather

American Junior Red Cross

NEWS

November 1946



Crambo

Grandmother Danced

FRANCES FROST

Illustration by Helen Finger

THE red moon burned in the smoke-blue Notch,
the lighted barn stood wide,
the corn lay strewn on the husking floor,
and loudly the fiddles cried.

Grandmother, mischievous, seventy-nine,
her silver head flung high,
danced *Love Somebody, Yes, I Do!*—
winked at him on the sly.

The young men shouted and clapped their hands,
the young girls laughed and sighed at the little old lady romping there, her tall true love beside.

The top of her head at the top of his heart,
they danced the polka roundly;
the three brown fiddles squeaked to rest,
and Grandfather kissed her soundly.

When the moon bloomed gold in the field of the sky
and the husking-bee was over,
Grandmother walked with her true love home
through the field of frost-white clover.

The cover design this month was done by an Indian artist, Woodrow Crumbo



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The Forgotten Village

HILDA VAN STOCKUM

Illustrations by the Author

EMMIE van Hoven walked barefoot and unhappy through the ruined Dutch village. It was a month after liberation, and nothing had been done yet to clear the rubble. The church was completely destroyed, the school badly damaged. Most of the houses had partially collapsed and were leaning heavily on props, bandages of wood across their window-eyes.

Emmie remembered the liberation. She remembered the shooting and the hurried flight of the German soldiers who had lorded it over the village for so long. She remembered how the American soldiers had come riding in on their wonderful . . . what was it? . . . jeeps. There had been flowers around the soldiers' necks, and she, Emmie, had been allowed to ride on a jeep, too, and a soldier had fed her with chocolate. He was a nice soldier called Jenkins, and later he had come to the house and met Emmie's sister Dora. He had liked Dora and had played for her on the grand piano, and Dora had cried. Later he had taken her arm and led her to watch the celebrations, helping her with her crutches.

The celebrations were magnificent. The soldiers gave out food and candy and cigarettes. There was dancing, and everyone felt so happy and relieved. Yes, Emmie had felt then as if the whole world knew and cared about her village. But the soldiers had to go. Emmie had taken leave of Mr. Jenkins with

the words she had so painstakingly learned in English and had hoarded for almost a year: "Thank you, my liberator."

Mr. Jenkins had laughed and pulled her nose. He had promised to come back some day, and he had looked at Dora when he said it. But now they were all gone, the American soldiers. The village seemed strangely empty. It was dirty, abandoned, tired and forlorn. As if everyone had forgotten it.

Emmie felt hungry. She had only had half a glass of watery milk that morning and a cold potato. There was no food yet, no way of getting it to the different parts of the country. The roads were full of holes. Trains weren't running. Canals and rivers were blocked by blown-up bridges. The mail came through, sometimes, that was about all.

"Ouch," cried Emmie. She had stepped on a piece of splintered glass. She sat down to pull it out of her foot. She had outgrown her shoes long ago. First her mother had cut off the fronts so her toes could stick out. That way she had worn them for a while. Then her heels had to be liberated, too. Finally there wasn't even a bottom left, and Mother had used what leather there was left to patch Father's shoes.

Father was a minister, and he needed shoes badly. He had to go about on a bicycle, even when the tires wore out and couldn't be replaced. First, he had bandaged them, and the

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ends of the bandages flapped about as he rode, but after a while there was nothing to bandage any more. He had to ride then on the naked wheels. That was bad for the wheels and hard going. It also made a terrific noise.

Twice a week he went out on this old bicycle to find food for the family. Everybody did that, because there was no food left in the shops. Only the farmers had food, and they would exchange it for a good sweater, or a blanket, or maybe a baby's cradle.

All winter long Father had gone off on his poor old bicycle, carrying the last good clothes of the family and pedaling for miles and miles before he found a basket of potatoes, and perhaps a pound of butter. Three days later he'd return with those, so exhausted that he'd have to go straight to bed.

The roads had been full of people looking for food. Old people, children, sick people, all walking barefoot or on bad shoes, trundling carts or carriages, rain pouring on them, wind biting icily, the roads full of mud. Those days were gone now.

But still Emmie felt hungry.

She remembered the bombings, too. She and Dora and her little brother Jan would be shivering under the grand piano. Mother had placed mattresses around and on top, and that made it almost like a shelter, but they had felt very lonely and scared in the dark. Sometimes Mother had sat with them, Father never. He was always up and about, helping others.



Emmie wondered, would she ever stop being hungry?

He had not even been there when their house was hit. It had happened so suddenly that they hadn't had time to go under the piano. Dora had thrown herself over Jan to protect him, and a heavy beam had fallen on her leg, crushing it. The others escaped without harm, and part of the rectory was undamaged. They could still live there.

Of course, the neighbors had helped. Mother was allowed to cook food on Mrs. Witte's stove, and Mr. Veenstra had helped Father save what could be saved. But their house was so much smaller now that they had been able to give quite a lot of furniture to other bombed-out people.

Emmie finished nursing her foot and got up. She carefully avoided a shell hole which lay like a trap in the middle of the street and walked on slowly.

She was very hungry. She wondered whether she would ever stop feeling hungry. She dimly remembered a time, she was about five years old then, when her mother had coaxed her with: "Drink another glass of milk, Emmie, do. You must grow up a nice, strong girl. Won't you eat this lovely poached egg on toast, dear?" She remembered it vaguely, like a fairy tale. She hadn't tasted an egg for two years.

"Emmie," cried a fresh young voice from the other side of the street. Emmie looked up. It was necessary to look down most of the time when you were walking, especially with bare feet. Now she looked up and saw Dora, beckoning to her from what used to be a sidewalk.

"Emmie, the mailman was here and says there is a parcel for us, from America. We must fetch it, so come along and help me carry it, will you?"

Emmie ran to her. A parcel! What could that be? They hadn't had parcels for ages and ages. She couldn't imagine it.

"Can't I go for you, Dora?" she asked. Dora could only walk with crutches, and on the messy streets that was hard.

"No, dear, they might not give it to you," said Dora. Dora was almost grown-up and very beautiful. She had sunshiny hair and big blue eyes. Dora was like Father, quiet and calm and always thinking of others. Emmie remembered her as she had been in



"Chocolate, oh, chocolate," moaned Emmie, almost fainting at the sight of it

the hospital, swathed in bandages. Emmie had cried and cried because Dora's leg had to be cut off, but Dora herself had seemed so serene, yes, and even happy.

"Don't weep, dear," she had told her little sister. "Just because I have lost a leg, I am not less a child of God."

The Doctor had been amazed at the way she took it. "She didn't even have a fever," he had told Father. "She is mending much better than I could have hoped. She has a marvelous spirit."

Of course, Dora couldn't do as much now. She used to love to skate and dance, but those days were over. Yet, somehow, it was Dora, sewing quietly near the window, always ready to listen to anyone who came in, who made the poor mangled rectory into a home. Mother was too busy standing in queues for food or helping Father, and he was away often, too. So Dora had to look after Emmie and little Jan, as there was no school where they could go.

"What could be in the parcel?" asked Emmie eagerly, as they were walking to the post office. "Do you—do you think it will be food?" For she was still very, very hungry.

"I don't know," said Dora. "What I hope most for is a spool of thread. Only I'm afraid people over there won't think of that. I remember the time when a spool of thread seemed nothing to me. And now we can't get it, and my last thread is gone. I fear I shall have to unrip my sweater and try to darn Jan's breeches with the wool; they are so badly torn I had to keep him at home today, and that's hard for him on a nice day like this."

"Do you remember the times before the war when we had everything?" asked Emmie, "We didn't have ration tickets then, did we?"

"Oh, no," said Dora. "The shops were full then, and people were glad when you came in to buy from them."

"Glad?" asked Emmie, incredulous, thinking of the reluctant shopkeepers she knew.

"Yes, indeed. I remember Mother buying five pairs of shoes at once."

"Five pairs!" cried Emmie, aghast. "The shop must have been empty."

"No, there were hundreds left, and the shop attendant even bowed deeply, thanking Mother and asking her to come back."

"You are fooling me," said Emmie, but she knew that Dora always told the truth, and she wondered greatly.

"Why is it," she asked as they walked along,

skirting the rubbish, "Why is it that we still have so little, now we are free, Dora? I thought everything would be all right, once the Germans left."

Dora stood still for a moment to rest. The sun shone on her fair hair and sweet, thoughtful face.

"The Germans took a lot with them; they have left us very poor," she said. "They even took the machinery away, so it is hard for us to help ourselves. The rest of the world is poor, too. Men have been fighting instead of growing food. Land everywhere has been destroyed. In our own country fertile fields were flooded with salt water. At other times, when one country had a disaster, other countries could help. But now all Europe is in ruins."

They had arrived at the post office and found a long queue of people waiting for parcels. But it was not a dejected queue, far from it. Everyone was chattering excitedly and speculating what it could be those wonderful Americans were sending.

"They must all be angels over there," said a little child, making them laugh.

Emmie kept Dora's place in the queue while Dora sat down. She could not stand so long. The queue moved quickly. Presently Dora heard Emmie calling her and went over to sign for the parcel. It was a big one weighing about eleven pounds. Quite a load, thought Emmie, to carry. But, oh, it had a wonderful look with all those strange stamps on it. Emmie was glad that someone had remembered them in a huge, starving world. Thread or no thread, she did hope there'd be something to eat.

"It is addressed to Father," said Dora. "We'll have to wait till he is home."

"Oh dear, when will that be?" thought Emmie in despair. But, as luck had it, Father



For two weeks before the Queen came, Dora organized and directed "The Children's Squad"

and Mother were both home when the girls arrived with their parcel.

"Look what we got!" shrieked Emmie. "All the way from America!"

Reverently Father untied the knots. It was a breathless moment. Several layers of paper came off, and then Father's face lit up.

"Tobacco!" he cried, snatching up the bag and almost kissing it.

"Soap," sang Mother, grabbing the precious cake which, pinnacle of luxury, was perfumed.

"Chocolate, oh, chocolate," moaned Emmie almost fainting at the sight of it. Mother hastily divided a bar between her children who relapsed into blissful silence.

"Egg powder," cried Mother, unpacking further, "dried milk, orange powder, coffee, tea, sugar! America must be a wonderland." The children gaped.

"And a pair of pants," cried Jan, very conscious of the large hole in his own.

"Yes, indeed, pants for Jan!" Dora was delighted. "Put them on, boy; I believe they'll just fit you."

"And here are sewing materials for you, Dora." Mother handed her a lovely compact sewing kit with thread, needles, pins, thimble, and everything.

"Oh, how lovely, now I can sew again," said Dora gratefully. "There is so much to be mended."

"And last but not least, a pair of shoes," said Mother. "Emmie, I really believe they'll just fit you."

They did. They fitted exactly. It felt so strange, having shoes on again.

"Who sent you all this, Father?" asked Dora, when the first rapture had died down. Father studied the labels on the discarded papers. Mother was just folding them up, for they were precious, too.

"By golly, it's from Jack Brown," he said. "I met him at the theological assembly once, and we struck up a friendship. Why, I haven't heard from him in years! He has a parish somewhere in the United States. I must thank him. Have we any writing paper left?"

"No, but there was some white paper around the shoes you can use," said Mother. "I think there is a pencil on the piano."

Father sat down in a corner to write his

letter, while Mother and Emmie prepared a lovely dinner. There would be orange juice to drink, powdered egg souffle, potatoes and coffee with sugar and milk, an unheard-of luxury. This time Emmie believed she would sleep for once without dreaming of food.

Father went to the post office to post his letter and came back with great news.

"The Queen is coming to visit our village next month," he said. "What do you think of that?"

"The Queen!" Emmie blushed with pleasure. Now she knew that the village wasn't forgotten. Now she knew that it would be only a matter of time, and all would be well again.

"The Queen here, with rubble all over the streets?" she asked.

"We can't help that," said Father. "She'll understand. There are more important things than the looks of a place."

Dora said nothing, but she didn't look satisfied.

"Emmie," she whispered in her sister's ear. "Go call all the children of the village. I'm going to hold a meeting. It's important, run . . ."

Emmie was off with a clatter of her new shoes.

Soon there was a crowd at the rectory; some children even had to stand in the street. They all listened respectfully as Dora spoke.

"Look here, children," she said. "This village is a disgrace. What will the Queen say when she comes? The grown-ups haven't time. If someone is to clean up the place, it will have to be us. Who has a wheelbarrow?"

Several hands went up.

"Who has a shovel?" More hands went up.

"All of you kids who have anything on wheels and anything you can dig with, report to this house tomorrow morning, and I'll tell you what to do."

For two weeks Dora organized and directed what she called "The Children's Squad." Emmie especially worked with a will, carting bricks and wood out of the streets and dumping them outside the village, removing glass, filling in holes with earth and sweeping everything clean.

At last the big day came and the Queen
(Continued on page 16)

Jack Miner

EVELYN STRONG

"THREE SWANS" FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANCIS LEE JAQUES. COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK

THROUGH the torn grey sky, a flock of wild geese swept down. They alighted at the borders of a pond on ground that was still covered with snow. Brown earth only showed through in patches, for winter lingered in Kingsville, the southernmost town in Canada.

Two men in high boots and mackinaws stood watching the superb wild birds as they came down with great sweeps of their powerful wings. All through the air, amid the roar of winds rushing across the fields, came the honking of the geese—the wild sweet music of the North.

One of the men was bareheaded. Melting snowflakes glistened on his bright red hair, ran down his tanned face. He was too excited to notice.

His companion turned to him and gave him a resounding slap on the back. "You've done it, Jack Miner," he cried. "You've made the wild geese stop here as you said you would. There they are—the beauties—eleven of them! You deserve all credit! You certainly worked hard enough!"

Miner laughed. His bright blue eyes shone with joy. "Shucks—I've done no work. Work is doing something you don't want to do."

Those who knew of the immense service Jack Miner performed in studying and conserving wild birds would not agree with his opinion that he had "done no work." As a matter of fact, no man ever worked harder, although undoubtedly it was a labor of love.

Back in the 60's, when Miner's parents, an English couple, came to Ohio as settlers, it was a wilderness. There Jack Miner was born in 1865. Lying on the corn husk mattress that he shared with his older brother Ted, Jack could look up at the stars through the cracks and chinks in the roof of the log cabin. When there were no stars—when it stormed—raindrops or snowflakes came down on the faces of the boys as they slept.

From the time they could walk, the brothers were out in the woods at their father's heels learning to fish and hunt. As Jack and Ted grew up, they were the equals of Indians in their knowledge of woodcraft and wild things.

When Miner was about thirteen, his parents moved to Canada on a farm of their own. It was here, at Kingsville, Ontario, that Miner began his life work of bird protection. First he fed quail during the winter. Then he put up houses all over his farm for song birds.

One day a neighbor remarked: "Wild ducks and geese are getting scarcer and scarcer. Haven't seen any around here for ages."

"Bet you I can make 'em come," Miner answered.

The neighbor laughed, but Miner went to work. He dug a pond and planted mulberry trees, whose berries were the ducklings' favorite food. Soon wild ducks visited the farm and learned they would find shelter and food there.

A wild black duck named Katie was the first bird Miner ever tagged. He found an old piece of aluminum, which he wrapped around her leg. With scissors Miner scratched his address on the tag when he liberated Katie. After she had rested for a few weeks, Katie winged her way to the North, the advance guard of many thousands of wild birds that were to bear Miner's tag all over the United States and Canada.

The chance purchase of a Salvation Army calendar with a Bible verse for each day in the year suggested the idea to Miner of stenciling a brief text on every bird tag. Forever after, each bird bore a Scripture verse as well as Miner's address on its aluminum disc.

Miner tagged his birds to keep track of them and learn more of their habits. Would they return year after year to the place where they had been well treated? How fast and how far did they travel? Where did they go?

People who shot birds wearing Miner's tag removed it and often sent the tag to him, mentioning the place and date the bird was brought down. To Miner all these wild birds were distinct personalities—friends he knew and cared for. It was always with genuine distress that he received the tag in the mail announcing their deaths, although it added to his knowledge of their habits and history.

Other wild ducks, Polly, Delilah and Susan, returned year after year. Delilah came for six years, Polly and Susan for four. On Polly's second visit she apparently could not eat and kept rubbing her beak on the ground. Miner soon diagnosed her trouble. Part of her beak had been shot and was hanging by a shred. Miner snipped it off with sharp scissors, and Polly was none the worse.

Miner continued to be successful in attracting wild geese to his sanctuary. From year to year the number grew, until as many as 3,000 of these handsome birds stopped off for a rest at the Miner place on their way to Hudson Bay, where they spent the summer. He planted evergreen trees and corn for them and enlarged the old-fashioned pond.

Of all the birds Miner studied and rescued, wild geese were his favorites. "Silly as a goose," according to him, has no foundation in fact. They soon recognized and learned to trust him, even fed from his hand. Somehow they knew that within the limits of his grounds they were safe from all enemies.

Miner begged his neighbors not to shoot these birds. At first the neighbors were angry, but afterwards they cheerfully cooperated. Perhaps the example of David and Jonathan, two ganders, did more to convert those who had "an itching trigger finger" than any words.

One day a big gander came down clumsily, more falling than flying. It was evidently almost spent, and collapsed on the ground leaving a trail of blood. Miner saw that one wing had been crippled by a shot. With heavy linen thread he tied up the severed arteries, then cut off the end of the wing, let the bird loose in the park where it recovered; however, its flying days were over, and the sanctuary

Miner had made was thenceforth its home.

This crippled gander made friends with a well one, and they always fed together, swam together and sat side by side at night. Miner called them David and Jonathan. About May first, when the other geese migrated North, Jonathan stayed behind with his crippled friend David. However much the honking cries of his fellows may have called Jonathan, he did not heed. As his friend David could not go, he would not. Everyone knew this pair and was moved by their comradeship, so not only Miner and his family, but all neighbors and friends mourned when Jonathan was killed by a horned owl. Poor David, left alone, was desolate indeed.

"We felt as if there had been a death in the house," the Miners said.

Wild geese mate for life. If one dies, the other remains solitary the rest of its days. As Mr. Miner put it:

"If one of a pair of geese dies, I will give you the other one. I cannot stand its lamentations. They grieve as much as we human beings."

There was Jack Johnson, another Miner gander. All summer long, his mate lay ill, not strong enough to wing to the Far North, and the gander stayed with her.

Mr. Miner took the goose into the barn to doctor her, but she died. For the rest of his days, Jack Johnson, the gander, kept watch outside the barn where his mate had disappeared, honking mournfully from time to time, evidently feeling sure she must come back to him.

In the course of the many years Mr. Miner worked with birds, he learned a great deal about treating their ailments and injuries. He would spend an hour beating woods and fields to locate a wounded bird that he had seen fall, or that someone had told him about. When he found it, he took it home for treatment, or if it proved incurable, he mercifully destroyed it.

A goose has a very interesting way of treating a broken leg, Mr. Miner discovered. When the bird drops down to earth, it lands sideways, using its wings as a brake. Lying down, it is careful to stretch the broken leg out straight behind. Gradually the bones knit,



COURTESY OF NATURE MAGAZINE
Jack Miner tagged wild bird friends

and the goose gingerly puts its foot to the ground, easing the weight off the broken limb by flapping its powerful wings and flying a little. Full grown ganders weigh thirty-five pounds, and will, if not killed, live fifty years, Mr. Miner estimated; wild ducks live fifteen years.

Canadian wild geese go as far South as our own Chesapeake Bay, but March and April would find them back in the Miner sanctuary, which they left for the shores of Hudson Bay early in May. For days before, they were restless and fed lightly. At last, honking continually, flying in V formation with an old experienced gander as leader, the geese rose high in the air and were gone. They might fly a thousand miles a day.

As the years passed, Mr. Miner's work became known far and wide. Fascinating as this work proved, it was also expensive, since the winged guests at the sanctuary increased, and consumed 2,000 bushels of corn annually. The grounds had to be enlarged and more trees planted. Mr. Miner was not rich, and he appealed to the Canadian Government for help. The Government allowed him \$400 a year for the upkeep of the sanctuary, and the Province of Ontario, where the farm was located, added \$300 annually. In 1918, entirely through Mr. Miner's efforts, a Migratory Bird Treaty aimed at the protection of these wild migrants was signed between the United States and Canada.

Often Mr. Miner spoke on wild birds and their conservation before Nature Study societies, schools and boys' clubs. This he particularly delighted in, for he loved boys even bet-

ter than birds. His well-knit sturdy figure—he weighed 185 pounds, and stood nearly six feet—was known on lecture platforms all over the United States and Canada.

"I have more faith in a thimbleful of education, than I have in a bucketful of bayonet compulsion," he frequently said.

Every county in the United States should organize a real wild life conservation service, whose delegates would meet once a year. Contrary to what many people think, sanctuaries do not need a great deal of ground—five acres are sufficient. They should be equipped with feed racks and feed bungalows and be planted with evergreens and other trees. These sanctuaries ought not to be more than a mile apart, so that the game warden can visit many in succession. Boys might go along to learn at firsthand about the feeding and protection of game birds and wild creatures.

"If all men were kind to all animals, there would be few wild ones," Jack Miner was convinced.

He had the satisfaction of spreading this gospel of kindness and fairness to wild creatures and of seeing his sanctuary that began with a few quail and a makeshift feed box grow to a place which accommodated 3,000 geese alone, to say nothing of other migrants.

"To do the things you want to do by infinite patience, keen enthusiasm, unflagging perseverance—that is the joy of life. I am so happy I want to live a hundred years."

This was not granted to him, for he died at the age of 79. But all over the North American continent, his mission was known, his personality loved, and his work will go on.

These are some of the thousands of handsome birds that stopped at Miner's place

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED WITTER, COURTESY OF NATURE MAGAZINE



Tim the Whistler

LUCIA CABOT

Illustrations by Joe Krush

TIM STUART went whistling down the street, turned in at the Jeromes' gate, and left the morning paper in the vestibule. Before he got back on his bicycle he stopped to pat Boots, the Boston terrier, who always ran to greet him.

Pendleton was a very sleepy town in the early morning. Tim sometimes felt as though he were the only person awake in the whole town; and Boots seemed to think so, too, for his welcome was always uproarious.

Tim was twelve. He had started to deliver papers the year before; everyone on the route knew him, because he always whistled as he rode along. People thought he whistled to keep up his courage, but there was another reason. Tim was very fond of music, and he had discovered that the early morning was a wonderful time to memorize certain parts that he liked. Sometimes he made up little tunes of his own, and tried them out on his audience, the birds and squirrels and sleepy cats.

The only instrument Tim owned was a harmonica, but some day he hoped to have a violin; he was saving his money for it now.

Tim liked his job, partly because he enjoyed going out in all kinds of weather. When it rained, he wore rubber boots, a slicker, and a poncho to cover his papers.

There had been an unusual amount of rain in Pendleton during September. One Friday morning Tim woke up to find it coming down harder than ever. He delivered his papers in a heavy downpour; the paper office, which was always full of exciting reports, was saying

there might be a flood, for the Otter River was very high.

But something troubled Tim more than the flood; that morning Boots hadn't come to meet him. It was the first time the dog had ever failed to greet him, and Tim was puzzled.

On Saturday morning things looked worse, for there was an advertisement in the paper, stating that Boots, a Boston terrier belonging to J. J. Jerome, was missing from his home!

Tim felt almost as badly as if he'd lost a friend. He told his mother about it. "Perhaps," said Mrs. Stuart, "Boots ran off and got lost; then the storm came, and he hasn't been able to find his way back."

Tim thought about it. "I guess that's it, but this morning makes two mornings he's been away, and I miss him a lot."

"Of course you do," said his mother, "but after the river goes down, I think Boots will find his way home."

Tim nodded hopefully, "I'll go down now with Dick; we're going to watch the river rise."

"Be careful, Tim," said his mother. "Don't do foolish things because others do."

"O. K., Mother," said Tim, as he ran down the porch steps.

Dick joined Tim at the corner. Every year the Otter River would rise and flood certain sections of Pendleton; this year the water was higher than usual. The boys walked to the Two-Mile bridge. Just above it on the hill had been built the new club, to which most of the families in Pendleton belonged. Down on the bank of the river, under the willows, was the boathouse, where members kept their boats and canoes.

The water had risen fast since morning; it was now swirling around the boathouse, but the club house on the hill was safe. Dick and Tim walked along the top rail of a fence toward the boathouse. When they

Tim clung to the flagpole, but trees blocked the way; the boat couldn't get near enough



were in full view of the broad stretch of water, they climbed a big willow. "This makes a nice observation post!" said Dick laughing.

Just then a big rat swam out from the boathouse and climbed into a box in which there was a little corn. It was nibbling the kernels as it drifted by the willow. "Mr. Rat thinks he's bought a yacht and is going places," said Dick.

A big log floated by with a turtle on one end and a woodchuck on the other. "Hi, Mr. Woodchuck," said Tim. "How is your friend Mr. Turtle? Is that a speed boat you've got?"

As soon as Tim's voice sounded across the water, there was a loud barking. The boys listened. "What do you think of that?" said Dick. "A dog! Where is he?"

"It's Boots," said Tim. "He's in that boathouse. How can we get him?"

"He recognized your voice!" said Dick. "How do you suppose he ever got shut up in the boathouse?"

"I don't know," said Tim. "But it's up to us to get him out!"

The barking kept up. "All right, Boots," said Tim in a soothing voice. "I'm coming, old boy, don't you worry any more."

Dick looked at Tim. "How are you going to manage it?"

"When we had the regatta last summer," said Tim, "I watched it from the roof of the boathouse. I climbed this willow tree, went out on that big limb, and dropped down on the roof."

"I never would have thought of that," said Dick. "How will you get inside?"

"I can drop from the roof onto that balcony," said Tim; "if the door is locked, I'll kick a hole in the window, and let Boots out."

"That's great!" said Dick, giving Tim a boost to the upper branch of the willow tree. Tim crawled out on the limb as easily as a squirrel, swung onto the roof, and jumped down onto the balcony. In a second he was peering into the upper window of the boathouse.

"Hi, Boots, where are you?" called Tim. Leaning against the wall, Tim pulled off his shoe and broke a pane of glass in the window. Then he reached in carefully and pulled the bolt which fastened the door.

Boots was sitting at the foot of the stairs watching to see from what direction his rescuer would come.

As the door opened and he saw Tim, he gave one joyous bark and ran up the stairs as fast as he could. He was weak for want of food,

"I want a violin more than anything in the world," Tim said, "but Boots is my friend."

but nothing mattered now.

Tim took him up in his arms; Boots's gratitude was touching. As he held the little dog close and patted him, it made Tim feel very strong and capable. "I missed you, too, Boots. Now, old fellow, we'll have to figure out how we can climb back."

Tim had been so concerned about Boots that he hadn't noticed, as Dick had, the swaying of the building. Suddenly there was a loud ripping and rending of beams, the water forced the boathouse from its foundation, and it was writhing like a big monster.

Not knowing what to do, Tim held on to the rail of the balcony and waited. The building swayed this way and that, and finally began slowly to move downstream.

Tim quickly decided that the roof would be the safest place, so with Boots under his arm, he climbed up and sat astride the ridge pole.

Dick had watched it all happen like a movie scene. He had expected Tim to be swept away by the flood, but when he saw his friend was safe, his brain began to work again. He pulled out his hankie and waved it, "Hang on, Tim; I'll run to the club and get them to send a boat right out to rescue you."

By that time the water had risen over the rail fence, so Dick had to feel his way back, clinging to the willow branches above his head for support. Before he had reached the end of the fence, he jumped off into shallow water, and began to run toward the clubhouse.

As he stood in the big room at the club, he managed to blurt out, "The boathouse has just floated away, and Tim Stuart and Mr. Jerome's dog, Boots, are on top. Could you send a boat out to rescue them?"

Several men gathered around Dick, and Mr. Ferris, the president of the club, exclaimed, "Our boathouse gone!"

The doorman came forward, "I was just coming in to tell you, sir. It's just pulled loose and is floating down stream. I was trying to find out what was on top of it."

Mr. Ferris looked grave. "How about tele-



phoning the Red Cross; they have set up emergency headquarters in Pendleton. They have rescue squads in power boats on the river."

"The telephone wires are down, sir; the chef just tried phoning Pendleton for some groceries."

"Well," said Mr. Ferris, "we had better get in our cars and go back to Pendleton before the road is cut off. One of you men go to see Mrs. Stuart and tell her that we will do all in our power to rescue Tim. Someone else might go over and tell Jerome about his dog. I'll take Dick and go to Red Cross headquarters; it's three o'clock now, and dark won't help any."

The doorman got Mr. Ferris' car for him; as he shut the door of the car, he said, "Mr. Jerome's chauffeur was here on Friday to look after the boat; Boots was with him, and I guess he got locked in the boathouse then."

"I guess that's the answer to that," said Mr. Ferris. "But how we are going to get the two back safely is what we've got to answer now."

At the Red Cross headquarters in Pendleton, they sent a power boat out at once to see if they could locate the boy, the dog and the boathouse.

There was great excitement on the wharf. Rescues were being made constantly; boats came in bringing people found in trees and on roof tops; lost children were being returned to their parents. Reports were coming in every few minutes, but the dark was coming on, and no news had been received of Tim and Boots.

When Mr. Jerome was informed about Boots, he went at once to headquarters and offered to help in any possible way. He, with Mr. Ferris and Dick, waited together for news.

Fortunately the captain of the power boat knew the river well, and had tried to figure out the direction the current might carry the boathouse. The boat with its crew crept slowly along, weaving in and out through the mass of debris. The powerful search light swept constantly over the gray water. Every few minutes the captain would put his fingers in his mouth and give a piercing whistle. Finally there was faint bark in answer.

Feeling much encouraged, they steered the boat toward the sound, and kept calling, "Are you there, Tim?"

After a long time there came a faint voice in answer, and soon they were close enough to the floating boathouse to see Tim on top, clinging to the broken flagpole.

There were trees all about the wreck, so that

it was hard to get near. But the captain climbed over some of the branches and carried Tim and Boots back to the boat. They were stiff with cold, but the Red Cross First Aid man wrapped them in blankets, and gave them warm things to drink. By the time they had reached the dock, Tim and Boots were feeling quite different from the boy and dog that had been rescued in mid-stream in the dark.

There was great cheering at the dock when Tim was brought in, but Mr. Ferris and Mr. Jerome thought he had gone through enough for one day, so they hurried him home. Dick took Boots home to another warm welcome at the Jerome's.

In a few days Tim was back, whistling on his early morning route, to the delight of his Pendleton friends.

One evening, a little later, Mr. Jerome called on Tim and his mother. "I hear," said Mr. Jerome, "that Tim is musical. I used to play and I should like to give him my violin. And, as soon as he is ready, I'll be glad to see that he has lessons, if you agree. I can never forget that Tim risked his life to save Boots."

Tim's eyes shone. He took the violin in his hands tenderly, and said, "Thank you, Mr. Jerome. I'd rather have a violin than anything else in the world. I think this is the finest present anyone ever had, but I saved Boots because he was my friend."

Soon

Nona Keen Duffy

The frost has gilded cobwebs
That glisten in the morn;
The plump and yellow pumpkins
Rest near the shocks of corn.

The harvest time is passing,
The fields are cut and bare;
The fragrant, fallen apples
Make cider in the air.

The crows set up a clamor,
The geese are passing by,
And while we're picking cotton,
We hear their distant cry.

The frost will turn persimmons
For 'possum, boy and coon;
The autumn's slowly passing,
And winter's coming soon!

Dresses, Pants and Underwear

EVVA BRINKER

*"Dresses, pants and underwear
The children of Maastricht are grateful for;
And never forgetful will they be
Of what America and the Red Cross has
done."*

THAT was the little verse the children of Maastricht, a town in Holland, recited one day to the American Red Cross worker who had lived there and distributed clothing to the Dutch people.

Did you ever wear underwear made of white material that had been used for camouflaging a tank? Well, the children of Maastricht did, and found it very fine indeed. They also had clothing made from scraps of blankets and pieces of ski troopers' uniforms.

When Mrs. Augusta Noyce, the American Red Cross worker, went there, she found hundreds of boys and girls with only old rags for clothes. Shoes they had, for wooden shoes are made in Maastricht; but most of them had no stockings at all, and wooden shoes are awfully cold without stockings.

So the first thing Mrs. Noyce did was to get the mothers together to try to make some stockings. She got yarn from the American Red Cross, and everybody started to knit socks and stockings. Everyone in Maastricht was interested in those stockings, so of course it wasn't long before a great many were made.

Then they started making underwear. They used every little bit of material they could get, and soon 4,000 children had new stockings and underwear so that they could run outdoors again and go to school. In only a few months they had made 100,000 suits of underwear!

Mrs. Noyce had to leave then to work with the Red Cross in another country. But when she returned for a visit one day, the children of Maastricht welcomed her with a parade. Boys and girls from six to fourteen marched across the old cobblestones in front of the town hall and drummed on American biscuit tins, coffee cans, and pot lids borrowed from their mothers. One little girl brought up a



Dutch children of Maastricht parade for American Red Cross worker who distributed winter clothing to them

bouquet of flowers in the colors of the town, and then the whole group recited the little verse which begins, "Dresses, pants, and underwear."

That wasn't all. The Mayor, whom they call the Burgomaster in Holland, gave the Red Cross worker a memorial plate made of blue and yellow pottery. A Dutch artist had made the plate just the way the children wanted it. The design on it showed a woman in the center surrounded by a group of children wearing very few clothes. The woman was meant to represent the Red Cross worker, and the poorly dressed children were those whom she helped. Around the edge of the plate was engraved the verse the children had just recited.

When Mrs. Noyce asked why the woman in the center looked quite plump, one child replied, "That's because the people of America have so much to eat."

Mrs. Noyce laughed at that, but she knew it was true. The people of America do have plenty to eat and plenty to wear, too. That's why we can help the children of Europe who are still cold and hungry. So many, many children of Greece, Finland, Belgium, China and other countries still need warm clothing. How they'd like to have "dresses, pants, and underwear" like the children of Maastricht! That's why the American Junior Red Cross has started a program in the high schools for remaking clothes. If a class in the high school in your town is planning such work, perhaps you can help by giving them your good, outgrown garments and any unused material Mother may have, so that more clothes can be made for boys and girls overseas. You yourself can use scraps of pretty cloth to make soft toys for little children overseas.

The U. S. A.

Sadie Ashford Garnett

You live where the snow flies
And you can ride a sled.
I live where it's summertime
In wintertime instead.

You can skate and snowball.
Your ice is smooth and hard.
I have orange blossoms
And lemons in my yard.

We have never seen each other,
But we're brothers in a way.
Though you are east and I am west
We are both "the U.S.A."

ALL AROUND this great country of ours, north, south, east and west, boys and girls who are members of the American Junior Red Cross are making intersectional correspondence albums to exchange with members in other parts of the country. For instance Indian children of the Ft. Defiance Boarding School, Fort Defiance, Arizona, prepared an album for Brooklyn School, Hibbing, Minnesota. One fourth grade Indian child wrote, "In summer I always herd sheep for my grandmother, and I take care of the children, too. Sometimes I herd sheep on a horse. We take some water with us so we won't get thirsty."

Far away from the wilds of Arizona in the busy metropolitan buzz of Toledo, Ohio, members wrote to a school in Oregon:

"We are going to tell you a little about a trip we took to the Art Museum. In the Art Museum they have a collection of Egyptian glass, but most all of the glass objects there came from Syria. If you look carefully you will see tiny air bubbles, for people at that time did not know how to get air bubbles out of glass. You will see large lamps and different glass objects from Arabia. The Museum has one of the famous original cameo vases. They also have an ancient Phoenician goblet with carved enamel figures on its side. The Art Museum of Toledo, Ohio, is said to have one of the most complete collections of glass in the world."

From the east we go south to Texas where a member writes to Hamilton Avenue School, Greenwich, Connecticut: "I live on Pierce Estate ranch. Pierce Estate owns most of the land around Pierce and three ranches. I usually go to school in our car but when it rains I come on a horse. On holidays I usually go

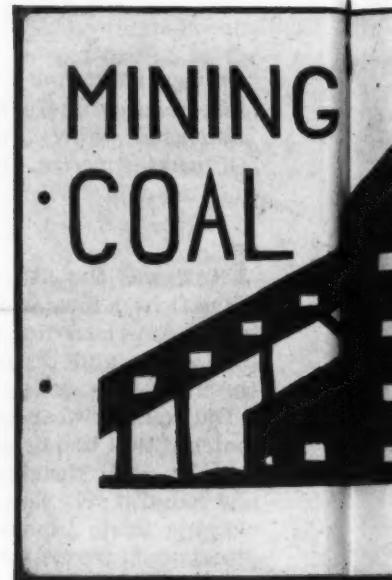
Correspondence

with my father to 'work cattle.' I get up at five and go to the bunkhouse and eat, and then I catch and saddle my horse. I like living on a ranch very much. I can hunt, fish, swim, play, ride the bicycle or my horse any time I like."

Lonesome Lake School members of Box Elder, Montana, prepared an album one letter of which said, "When my Dad first came here he did not have enough money to buy lumber so he built a house of mud and straw. It is cool in summer and warm in winter.

"In those days when the farmers went to town, it was very far. Our closest towns were from ten to fifty-five miles away. When they went to town they went with a team of horses. When one farmer went to town, he brought everybody's mail. One farmer would buy all the groceries for the other farmers. Now we all have cars, and most of us have mail routes."

Leaving Montana behind we join members from Fairfax School, Fairfax, California, who wrote to children in Jordonia School, Nashville, Tennessee. These youngsters conducted their friends on an imaginary bus trip around California. Part of their letter follows: "After leaving

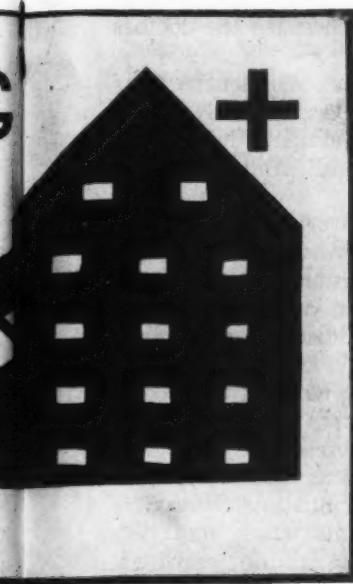


Paper cutout sent in an album from Kingston, Pennsylvania, to Lakeside, Minnesota. The album also contained



This drawing of Santa Barbara in a Junior Red Cross correspondence album sent by Fairfax School, Jordonia School, Nashville.

ience Round-up



um from Schuyler Avenue School
Lakeside School, Duluth, Minne-
ntined drawings of coal mining



anta Barbara Mission came
ss correspondence album
ool, Fairfax, California, to
nville, Tennessee

Los Angeles, be sure to take the Coast Route coming north because it follows the ocean for a hundred miles or more. In Santa Barbara be sure to visit the old mission. There were twenty-one missions built in California by the Spanish padres. Today, Santa Barbara Mission is the best preserved, and it is very interesting to see."

Enola Elementary School, Enola, Nebraska, exchanged an album with Lo Inyo School, Long Pine, California. These members wrote, "Does your state observe Arbor Day? This day originated in Nebraska in 1872 through the efforts of Mr. J. Sterling Morton who was at that time president of the State Board of Agriculture. Years ago Nebraska was called 'The Great American Desert,' because it had so few trees. Mr. Morton didn't like this treeless state so he decided to make a holiday on which to plant trees every year. On the first Arbor Day more than a million trees were planted.

"Our government is trying to teach us to protect our forests by guarding against forest fires. We must watch lighted matches and properly put out camp fires.

"We observe Arbor Day in all Nebraska schools by planting shrubs and trees.

This day is set aside to beautify our state. We planted three trees on our school ground last year."

Going farther west, we pick up an interesting story that Lake Consolidated School, Lovelock, Nevada, wrote to Dwight School, Fairfield, Connecticut:

"Did you ever hear of one sack of flour which was sold and bought for \$275,000? I am going to tell you about this sack of flour which weighed fifty pounds.

"In 1861, they had an election for mayor in a mining town called Austin, Nevada. Mr. Gridley, a storekeeper, and another man had an argument about who would be elected mayor. They decided the one who lost would have to carry a fifty-pound sack of flour on his back for a mile. The band was to march behind and play.

"Mr. Gridley had to carry the sack of flour. Then he decided to sell it and give the money to the United States Sanitary Commission which was to help the soldiers in the Civil War. He sold it, and then the fellow who bought it would give it back so he could sell it again. He sold it many times. Mark Twain was working on a newspaper in Virginia City, Nevada. He heard about the sack of flour so he telegraphed to Austin to have it brought to Virginia City. This sack of flour was sold in mining towns all over Nevada. Then it was taken to California. Later Mr. Gridley went on a year's tour of the eastern states. He sold and resold the flour. The total amount of money this sack of flour raised was \$275,000."

The letter goes on to tell about the state of Nevada: "Nevada has many types of soil and plant life within its boundaries. About one half of the land is covered with sagebrush, greasewood, and scattered bunch grass. This land is used for livestock grazing. Beef cattle and sheep raising are very important on Nevada ranches and grazing lands.

"A number of horses are raised in Nevada, too. There are also wild horses in the hills, called mustangs. Sometimes they are driven into corrals by airplanes or else they are driven by a person riding horseback. Many of the mountains are timbered with juniper and piñon trees. The early Indians used the piñon nuts as part of their food supply."

Why doesn't your classroom make up an album of letters and drawings about your part of the country to exchange through Junior Red Cross with a school in some other part of the country?

The Forgotten Village

(Continued from page 6)

was expected. Whatever there was of orange color in the houses was hung out of the glassless windows. Tattered flags flew as prettily as if they had been whole. The children had picked masses of daisies, the symbol of Dutch victory, and had hung the ruins with snowy wreaths and garlands. It made a beautiful picture which brought tears to the eyes of the motherly lady who was the Queen. She entered the village simply, on foot. Only a few people accompanied her.

The burgomaster of the village welcomed her with a short, heartfelt speech, and the children lined along the streets, and looking bright and clean, thanks to Red Cross soap, sang the *Wilhelminus*, the beloved national song, silenced for so long.

"But this is wonderful," said the Queen. "I thought this village was reduced to rubble . . ." and she looked around at the clean streets. "I can see the houses are in bad shape, but it all looks so normal, not a bit desolate."

The burgomaster drew himself up proudly. "It was our children who accomplished this, Your Majesty," he said. "When we all felt too weak and miserable to bother, Dora van Hoven directed and inspired the children to clean the place up for us, though she herself has lost a leg in the bombing and can only move on crutches."

"Show me this girl," said the Queen. "We want to meet her."

The burgomaster walked past the eager children and led the Queen straight to the chair on which Dora sat, flanked by Jan and Emmie.

"The Queen is coming this way, she is going to talk to you," cried Emmie excitedly.

It was true. The Queen came straight to Dora. Emmie could see her face, lined with suffering for her people.

"Are you Dora van Hoven?" said a pleasant voice.

Dora stood up, trembling. In her consternation one of her crutches fell, and Emmie picked it up for her.

"You have done a great service for your country," said the Queen. "Everybody who helps to bring back courage and hope to this poor, weary, starving land is dear to us. God bless you, my child." For a moment the Queen's hand rested on Dora's sunny blonde

head like a benediction. Then she went on:

"You have yourself suffered a great loss in this war. But science has made much progress, and we have seen soldiers walking freely with artificial limbs. We would like you to have this comfort and to be able to dispense with those crutches. So please accept from our hands the gift of the best leg the doctors can provide."

And so it happened that six months later Dora came RUNNING, yes, actually RUNNING, from school. Her artificial leg was almost as good as a real one. And the school had been repaired.

"Mother, mother," she cried. "Here is a note from Teacher. I know what is in it, too. We are going to get Junior Red Cross gift boxes from America. And you are invited to be there when they are distributed because you are the minister's wife, and Dad will have to say a prayer of thanksgiving—you'll come, won't you?"

Dora was quite out of breath.

But her family was not as attentive as she had expected. They were all standing around a parcel from Mr. Jenkins which had just come. Emmie was dancing around, wearing a new pair of rubbers. Jan was fitting on a sweater. Father wore a new winter coat and Mother was trying on a woolen dress.

"Look at this raincoat, Dora," cried Emmie, "I believe it will just fit you!" And glancing around at all the shining faces she thought:

"A forgotten village, indeed!"

A Recent Letter from Holland

"Dear American Friend!

"I received your packet just with Santa Klaus day at school and I thank you very much for all the nice things in it. I am a boy. My name is Kees and I am 12 years old. We have had a very bad time last years. We had no food, nor fire, no light and must always be afraid for air bombardments. On March 3rd, 1945, we lose our home by an awful bombing. We are glad now that the war is over and that our great allies have made us free and all becomes better now. My mother was in America 20 years ago in Mount Clair, New Jersey. She is fond of your country. She told us very much about New York, the skyscrapers, the subways, the elevators. All those things are unknown to me. I want so to come there once in my life.

"With greetings for you and your family from father, mother and Kees Roeust."

Chef Class

WILLIAM HARBOLD

How about a luscious dinner of tamale pie, tepee salad, milk, and mock Indian pudding? That was the menu recently for the chef's class at the Junior Red Cross annex to the chapter house in Erie, Pennsylvania. It was guaranteed to furnish plenty of nourishment, to say nothing about the fact that it also looked mighty tasty.

Twice weekly, Wednesday and Friday at 4:30 p.m., a small group of boys from Burns School gathered at the newly opened Junior Red Cross chapter house on Sassafras Street to follow a course guaranteed to turn out some handy young men around the house. It was said that their mothers encouraged them to take the course, and small wonder.

At each session the boys were assigned definite jobs for the day, including those of manager, buyer, cook (chief and second), steward, waiter, host (junior and senior), and, yes, sir, nothing was forgotten, dishwashers.

In addition the boys learned to plan menus with emphasis placed on nutrition as well as taste; they bought the food needed, cooked it, served it, and cleaned the place up when they were through. They did a fine job all around, entering into the spirit of the work with enthusiasm. Perhaps their attitude was in-

spired by the long, white aprons and tall chef's caps provided for the course.

Except for the supervision of Miss Ruth Brown, Red Cross nutritionist who conducted the course, the boys had all the responsibility. The buyer, for example, went right out to the store to purchase the items needed for the menu planned by the manager. Not only that, but he had to work out the costs exactly.

There is a real future in store for these ambitious young men. Can't you visualize these husky future football players learning how to plan and prepare the very meals that will keep them in good trim? And what about the charming young ladies who are going to be gasping for breath some years hence when their favorite young men teach them a thing or two about the finer points of culinary science?

—Courtesy of "The Times", Erie, Pa.



Boys in Junior Red Cross Chef Class in Erie, Pennsylvania, learn how to set the table (above), and prepare a good meal (left)

TIPS FOR TIPS

In addition to presenting a variety of suggestions through these pages, one phase of the curriculum will be given special emphasis each month. In October, you recall, the feature articles concerned Mexico and the Indians, both *Social Studies* subjects. This month, *Health Education* is being stressed. In December, the theme will be *Art*, with *Homemaking* to follow in January.

We hope to make this section practical and helpful. We will always welcome tips from you for our *Tips*.

AIDS TO HEALTH INSTRUCTION IN ELEMENTARY GRADES

Supplementary material, designed to enliven health instruction in the elementary schools, is available from various sources.

In the field of nutrition, teachers will find two booklets especially helpful in planning their school programs.

Everyday Nutrition for School Children by E. Neige Todhunter, may be obtained for 25 cents from the Extension Division, University of Alabama, University, Alabama.

Nutrition Education in the Elementary School, prepared by the U. S. Office of Education, may be obtained for 15 cents by writing to the Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C.

Food models, which are simple and inexpensive, may be used to present the food story in a graphic fashion.

One set of such *Food Models* costs \$1.25 and is made up of eight cardboard cards showing 94 photographic food models in natural color. This may be purchased from the National Dairy Council, 111 North Canal St., Chicago 6, Illinois.

A set of *Food Models*, drawings for cutting out and coloring, was designed by Lydia J. Roberts and may be obtained from the University of Chicago Bookstore, Chicago, Illinois, for 75 cents.

Uncle Hi's Game, a unique card game, designed not only for fun but as a reminder of

There was a child went forth every day.
And the first object he looked upon—
That object he became,
And that object became a part of him
For the day,
Or a certain part of the day,
Or for many years,
Or stretching cycles of years.

—Walt Whitman

good health habits, may be ordered for 15 cents from Modern Health Crusader, Box 527, Burlington, Vermont.

The *Dwight Posture*

Models, jointed heavy cardboard models seventeen inches high, cost 50 cents and are obtainable from Emily Browne, 293 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts.

Films are always an excellent means of motivation for health lessons. Requests for loan of films should be made at least a month in advance of date desired.

Safety Patrol and *On Two Wheels* are safety education films, available rent free from General Motors Corporation, 1775 Broadway, New York City 19, Room 1203.

How Patrols Operate is another safety film, in color, which may be obtained rent free from American Automobile Association, Washington 6, D. C.

A Good Food Series on Bread and Cereals, Drink of Water, Fruits and Vegetables, and Milk is an excellent series of films for young children, which may be secured, loan free, from Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Inc., 20 North Wacker Drive, Chicago 6, Illinois.

Films on *Feet* and *Posture* may be obtained from the same address.

INTERCULTURAL READING

Teachers on the look-out for good story material having an intercultural background will welcome the new series of books about our American cities, which is now being written by Miss Cavanah.

BENJY OF BOSTON and *SANDY OF SAN FRANCISCO*—By Frances Cavanah. Illustrated in color by Pauline Jackson. 32 pp. each. Philadelphia: David McKay Company. \$1 each.

In *Benjy of Boston* the old culture of the "first" families of Boston rubs elbows with the new culture of the Italian-Americans, each made richer by the contact.

In *Sandy of San Francisco* West meets East when an American boy and a Chinese-American boy become friends. A give-and-take of courtesies and experiences cements understandings and deepens the friendship between members of the two races.

DEMOCRACY'S CHILDREN is a little book on intercultural education written especially for elementary teachers by Ethel M. Duncan,

Tips to

LOIS S.

to teachers

S. JOHNSON

experiences in developing democratic attitudes among her pupils, and suggests concrete ways for utilizing conversation, classroom activities, school plays, and assembly programs in furthering intercultural understandings.

SPEAKING OF CAREERS

Most women are content with following one career.

Not so, Hilda Van Stockum Marlin, of Washington, D. C., who in private life is known as Mrs. Ervin R. Marlin, for she has three strings to her career bow, any one of which would qualify her for distinction. She is at one time, artist, writer, and mother.

It is she who made the delightful illustration of the Dutch children for this month's CALENDAR OF ACTIVITIES. The amazing fact is that six days after she was commissioned to do the picture, the completed drawing as you see it on the CALENDAR was in our office.

The feature story, *The Forgotten Village*, in this issue of the News also bears the name of Hilda Van Stockum. As you read the absorbing story of the children in the devastated village of Holland, you felt that the author knew of what she was writing. Perhaps you wondered about the coincidence in timing and in appropriateness of the gifts from America, for just when and where the articles seemed most needed, they somehow appeared. You won't question again, however, when you read what the author herself wrote in a letter to the editor of the News about this very thing:

"As to the unlikeness of everything having just come pat—if it hadn't actually happened I wouldn't have dared to put that in, but letter after letter told of things coming providentially handy so I began to believe there was an Ordering Hand over it. One boy had just fallen through the ice and had to sit at home until his only pair of pants dried, when the door opened and my parcel came with pants which just fitted.

"You know, almost every parcel I sent contained pants, shoes and thread—they were so universally needed that there is no great coincidence there except for the size and I have often just guessed right there."

herself a teacher. It is published by Hinds, Hayden and Eldredge, Inc., New York. In story form, Miss Duncan gives an authentic record of her own

Perhaps one reason for Hilda Van Stockum's success in writing children's stories and illustrating children's books is because she knows children so well herself. She would, since she is the mother of six lively children of her own: Olga, Brigid, Randol, Sheila, Johnny, and Elisabeth. Caring for these six children would be career enough for the average woman, but Hilda Van Stockum Marlin is not an average woman!

JOHNNY APPLESEED

This issue of the News carries an interesting story on page 7 of how Jack Miner spent a lifetime of service for the protection of wild life in Canada. Somehow, Jack Miner seemed reminiscent of Johnny Appleseed, whose deeds have become almost a part of the folklore of our own country.

Both men loved Nature, even though in different ways. Both were imbued with the desire to serve others, and both seemed to have had the same philosophy of living:

"To do the things you want to do by infinite patience, keen enthusiasm, unflagging perseverance."

This season of the year offers a good chance to revive some of the old tales, since the atmosphere of harvest time and Thanksgiving calls for big, juicy apples, for sweet cider, and for stories of Johnny Appleseed himself.

In his tattered coat and tin-pan hat picturesque old Johnny Appleseed has long been a favorite with everyone. The tales of his barefoot wanderings through the wilderness country, as he left behind trails of pink and white blossoms and ripening fruit, have spurred imaginations.

Johnny Appleseed was born Jonathan Chapman in Massachusetts in 1776. While in his early twenties, he set about to carry out his plan of service for his fellowmen. He first collected several bags of seeds, mostly discs from cider-mills, then began his journey to the Ohio River country.

For over 40 years he wandered through the sparsely settled country, planting apple orchards, making friends with the Indians, distributing copies of the Bible and preaching to the settlers in their scattered cabins.

It is estimated the apple orchards he planted covered an area equal to twice that of New England.

The only reward he ever received was the satisfaction he gained for himself that the apple orchards he planted brought health and happiness to others.

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NO. 2

National Officers of the American Red Cross

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The American Junior Red Cross is the American Red Cross in the schools.

To a Future Citizen of the World

Jerry Condon

This message, composed by a Junior Red Cross member in Santa Monica, California, was enclosed in an American Junior Red Cross gift box:

MAYBE you can't read this, but what I want to say would mean the same in any language. Maybe I won't ever get to see you personally. I don't know if a boy or girl will receive this package. I am not writing this for you but for your friends, brothers, sisters, to your continent's children as a whole. I don't care if he be Jew, Catholic, Protestant, or if he believes in Buddhism or even if he worships the sun. We in America want to tell you that you and the other children on this globe are tomorrow's citizens of the world. How strong or how weak you are in strength and mentality means the future of the world. I don't mean strong in a military sense, but strong for a better world of peace. Here in America we realize what you have gone through, no food or clothes, no schooling. Maybe you've lost someone close. We send these boxes to show we haven't forgotten Europe's citizens of tomorrow, for on your shoulders and ours hangs the fate of the world. These boxes aren't much, but they are from our hearts.

The World

Gretchen Stansbury Parkinson

Age 8

The world is like a ball.

There are many things in this world:

People,

Animals,

Boats,

Airplanes,

Trains

And many more things.

There are cities and states, too;

Rivers,

Seas,

Lakes.

There are strange people in other lands.

But it is all one world

Under one blue sky.

Announcements

ALL SHIPMENTS of gift boxes this fall should be made by November 30.

Your Junior Red Cross Chapter Chairman can secure for you an index to the eight issues of the NEWS, from September 1945 to May 1946, by writing your Junior Red Cross area office.

If your class has enjoyed the article on Jack Miner and migratory wild fowl in this issue, you may be interested in finding out about the series of full-color slides put out by the National Audubon Society. The slides, 150 in all, are for sale in seven sets of twenty each, and one of ten. Write to the National Audubon Society, 1000 Fifth Avenue, New York 28, New York, for further information.

Words for Autumn

Eleanor Alletta Chaffee

The south wind sings now for all those
Who burrow deep in furry clothes.
Before the drifting snow lies deep
On little creatures in their sleep.
The friendly earth is dark and warm:
The fieldmice, sheltered from all harm,
Run silent in each hollow burrow.
The cautious woodchuck from his furrow
Sniffs the scent of coming cold:
The hovering owl with eyes like gold
Warns of winter in the air.
The gale that strips the branches bare
Sweeps the meadow like a tide,
And all who hear are safe inside.

Ideas on the March



land. Don't forget to enroll in Junior Red Cross by November 15

This cartoon showing Little Lulu enrolled as a Junior Red Cross member was the cover of a Washington School correspondence album sent from Hempstead, Long Island.



FROM PENNIES TO DOLLARS

ONE MILLION, eight hundred and eighty thousand, nine hundred and fourteen dollars is a lot of money, no matter who earns it, but when we realize that the sum represents the penny by penny earnings of boys and girls for the National Children's Fund—well, it's colossal.

We can't tell you how all the money was earned. We don't hear half as often as we wish we did the stories of the projects undertaken. But recently, *High Lights*, the Junior Red Cross bulletin of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, devoted a column to reporting the Junior Red Cross fund-raising of one room in one school. It ran like this:

Glenn—"I deliver mail for my neighbors who have no children. I also 'mind' my baby brother, and deliver bread and doughnuts for an old lady who bakes."

Wayne—"I get a nickel for each rat I catch at the henhouse, and a penny for each mouse."

Gerald—"I haul our garbage to the dump,

and take out ashes for Mrs. Coffman."

Beatrice—"Since my aunt had an operation, I mop the linoleum and sweep the steps. Last fall I sold tomatoes and pumpkins, and I sold rags, too!"

Bobby—"I get a dime to keep, if I watch the baby so that he doesn't put his hands on the washer when Mother uses it."

Jimmie—"I got a quarter if I would come to school and not 'bawl' because Mom took the kids out to Pappy Dressler's farm. Pappy has a horse you can ride."

Caroline—"I took Bobby up town in a wagon when Mom was cleaning the kitchen. Mom gives me a quarter each Saturday."

KNOW YOUR NEIGHBOR



"TO HELP us get better acquainted with our neighbors" Junior Red Cross members of Plainfield, New Jersey, made wooden figures of people of other lands. They then made a study of the different kinds of clothing they wore and dressed the figures in native costume. These were exhibited in the school corridors.

Junior Red Cross members of York, Pennsylvania, prepared an exhibit from articles sent to them in appreciation of gift boxes. The display included items from ten different countries. This was sent from school to school and stimulated interest in regular classroom work including the making of correspondence albums.



When sixth and seventh grade pupils of Chester Street School in Kingston, Pennsylvania, sent an album to Nuhaka Native School, Hawkes Bay,

New Zealand, they drew these cartoons, using as models Junior Red Cross pictographs for gardening, gift boxes, and school correspondence



PHOTO PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHILDREN IN EUROPE are hungry, not only for food, but also for fun, and a chance to go to school again. At left, French youngsters look with wonder at a story book; the American Junior Red Cross hopes to send books overseas soon. Below, Greek boys eagerly wait for school supplies in gift boxes



THOSE AMERICANS!

 CHILDREN around the world are doing their best to say "Thank you," for all the nice things members of the American Junior Red Cross do for them. Sometimes it is a little difficult to express. For instance there was the little boy from Holland who wrote,

"Dear John:

Many thanks for the nice package which I received from you. It made me very happy. First I did not know where to address this letter, as I did not think that you wrote short names for the place and the state, but now I know it and address my letter to John F. Cook, Washington, D. C." (John F. Cook was the name of the school in Washington from which the gift box was sent.)



THINGS TO REMEMBER



THE PICTURE at the bottom of this page shows three of the Mexican, Spanish and Indian children in the second grade at Ochoa Americanization School in Tucson, Arizona, who learned from the Red Cross Nutrition Director there what foods people should eat and how to prepare a number of them. The second grade finished their nutrition lessons by making up this list of "Things to Remember":

Vegetables make us grow.

Vegetables make us healthy.

Raw carrots are sweet.

We wash our hands before we touch food.

Orange juice is good to drink with carrot sticks.

We chew carrot sticks slowly.

We chew carrot sticks with our mouths closed.

We say "Thank you" when things are passed. We wait until every one is served before eating.

Cabbage leaves are good to eat raw or cooked. We take small bites when we eat raw cabbage. Cabbage and apples help us to grow.

Tomato juice is good to drink with cabbage. Carrots, cabbage, and carrot leaves make a good salad.

Evaporated milk, vinegar, and salt make a good salad dressing.

Milk is the best food for boys and girls.

Junior Red Cross members in Tucson, Arizona, learn to prepare and eat fresh vegetables

CZECH CHILDREN at right like many children elsewhere need good food and clothes. American children can help meet health needs of children overseas by sending medical chests (see below), garden seeds and tools, afghans, and many other things through the National Children's Fund



PHOTO BY OLLIE ATKINS



PHOTO BY HAZEL KINGSBURY

We always wash a can before opening it.
Raw vegetables make a good sandwich filling.
We wrap sandwiches with waxed paper for a picnic.

We used enriched bread in our sandwiches.
We use whole wheat or brown bread in our sandwiches.

Our vegetable sandwiches are very good.
Tortillas are good with carrot and raisin filling.

An open sandwich is made of one slice of bread.

Raw spinach is good in a sandwich.
A slice of carrot looks pretty on a raw spinach sandwich.

THE GREAT WHITE MOTHER

★ "IF YOU were an Indian, you'd become very fed up with being called picturesque. You'd want people to know that in spite of your bright blankets and beautiful jewelry you are faced with the same problems which beset the rest of troubled mankind."

In these words a recent issue of the *Red Cross Courier* begins a story by Jean Van Evera and John Garrett that outlines the service the American Red Cross gives to Indians in Arizona.

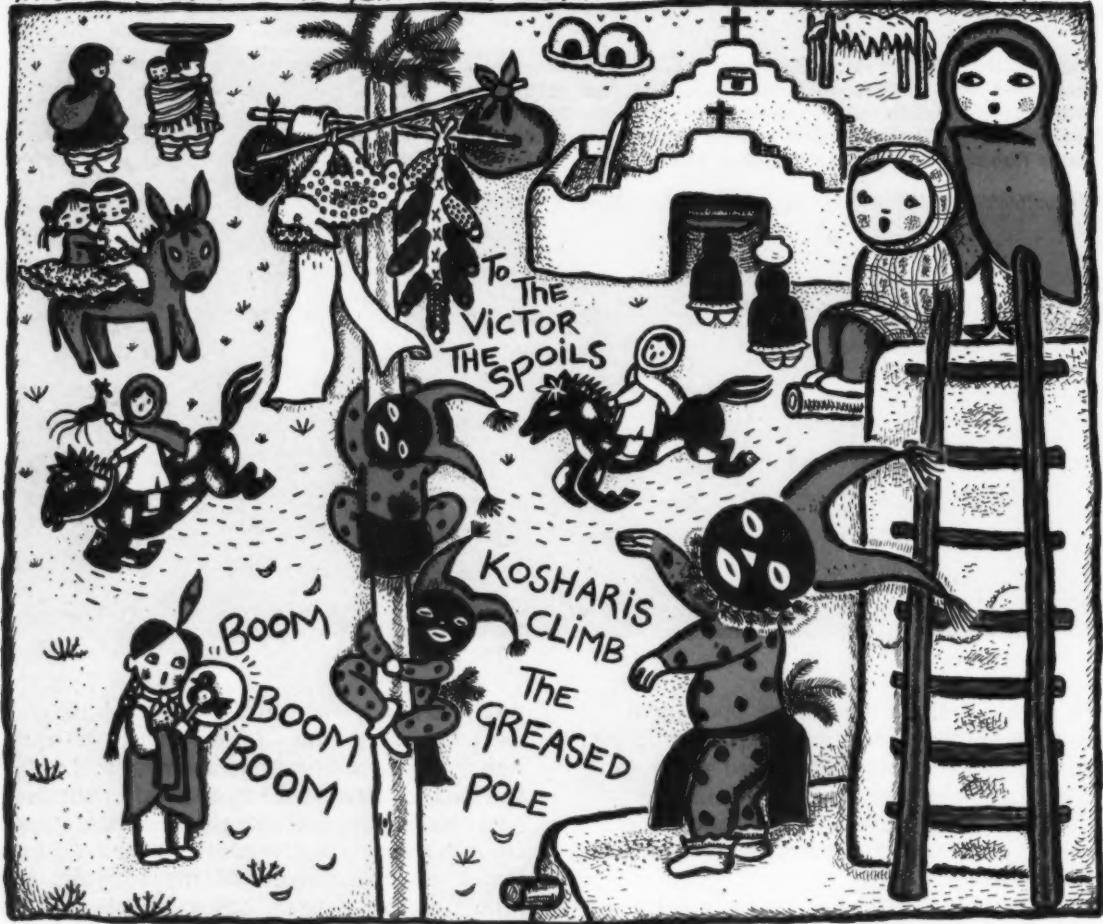
If you were standing on the rim of the Grand Canyon and looked very hard, you

Second graders in Lima, Ohio, Junior Red Cross make tray favors to cheer hospital patients

might see a patient horse plodding its way down the steep trail. Likely enough its rider would be one of the Home Service workers of the Grand Canyon branch of the Williams (Arizona) Chapter of the American Red Cross. Or maybe the rider would be Frank Parker, Red Cross field director at the Veterans Administration's Arizona office, on his way to straighten out some matter regarding an Indian veteran's pension.

The white man's ways seem quaint and complicated to many Indians. They have great regard for the Great White Father, in Washington, though, who in the last generation or so has gone to bat for them. Indian war veterans also regard the Great White Mother, the American Red Cross, with affection and esteem because she helps them present their needs to the Great White Father.





San Geronimo Fiesta

Gisella Loeffler

Pictures by the Author

Part II

Part I of the story, describing the preparations for the San Geronimo Fiesta in Taos, New Mexico, appeared in the September-October issue of the News.

MIRA! MIRA! Look! Look! Oh me! Oh my! It is the day of the fiesta. Little brother Cruz has brought his new drum. Already he feels bigger and more important, and now he is skipping and running everywhere. And the early morning races are on—the men from the north pueblo and the men from

the south pueblo are running. They are painted and decorated all over. Their beautiful black hair is hanging loose and flying in the wind. The two pueblos are trying to outdo each other to see which is the stronger. When Cruz is big, he will be the swiftest runner of all. How those men run barefooted over stones and gravel and cactus and burrs! They have tough feet. When the races are over, the people standing on the roofs throw down prizes! All sorts of good

things to eat—sweet popcorn and cookies and candy. The racers jump to catch the things. Even little brother Cruz catches a box of popcorn. Good! That means he will be a racer soon.

Ha! Ha! Ha! The Koshari are everywhere, too. They are so funny. The Koshari are the clowns, the delight makers—the spirits from another world. A Koshari is always happy, full of fun and pranks. You can always tell a Koshari—he is painted a greyish white all over. On top are painted black spots or stripes. His face is painted black, and he wears a black loin cloth. On his head is a wig made of rustling corn shucks. Also around his upper arms and below his knees are corn shucks. You can hear him rustling, so watch out! You have to be on guard because the Koshari are very privileged. They can take anything they want! Anything! So little Cruz has his eyes open wide. He doesn't want anything to happen to his fine new yellow and turquoise blue drum.

Mira! Look! Here is a funny naughty Koshari with a melon under one arm that he has taken from the melon man. There he stands beside little Juanita from San Ildefonso Pueblo. Poor dazzled little Juanita! There she sits on a gay Indian rug in the midst of all her beautiful black pottery, looking like a little fluffed-up brooding hen. It took her a long, long time to make the pretty love jar with two spouts, and the big bowls, and the dear little Pajarito ash-

tray. Oh, that awful Koshari! He is pointing right at the marriage jar with the two spouts. Juanita was hoping that a nice engaged couple would buy it so each one could drink out of the spouts and then be married! *Por Dios! Muy malo!* Oh, my goodness! How bad that Koshari is to take the love jar!

Quick as lightning little Cruz runs home. He doesn't want the Koshari to take his wonderful new drum, and besides little Cruz has a very empty feeling in his stomach. He smells good cooking smells coming from all the open doors. Faster, faster he runs, right into the open door of his own house.

And what goes on in his house? Visitors! Fiesta! Food! There are visitors sitting and standing around the strong wooden table, and on the table are all those good, fine, tasty dishes that big sister San Tonita has been preparing for days and days! Pisole—pork meat cooked with hominy; *chili con carne*, goat meat cooked with red hot chili! *Chili Verdi*, green chili that has been roasted, then peeled and crushed into a tasty pulp. *Chili Verdi* gives a tang to all the other dishes.

Bread! Little Cruz looks at the bread



Oh, that awful Koshari! He is pointing right at the marriage jar! Poor dazzled little Juanita!



And what goes on in Cruz' house? Visitors! Fiesta! Food!

very proudly. Didn't he stand beside big sister San Tonita as she made the bread, and sing bread-baking songs? Those golden, crunchy little loaves of bread!

Tortillas, stacks and stacks of tortillas, too. They look like round pancakes, but they have more to them. For hours big sister San Tonita has been flip-flopping them. Of course, it was little brother Cruz who kept bringing stacks of cedar wood to keep a good hot fire going. Tortillas, they stay with a person a long time, and also you don't need a knife and fork when you have tortillas. You roll a piece of tortilla and just scoop up your red hot chili sauce and *frijoles*. *Frijoles* are beans! Nice freshly cooked pinto beans that taste like chestnuts. The *bisquitchitas*! Tears of gratitude come into little Cruz's eyes. The *bisquitchitas* are little cookies with anise seeds scattered through them. They melt in your mouth.

And the wild plum tarts! Could there be a better dessert in this whole wide world? What beautiful pictures come to your mind when you bite into them! Yes, you can see the whole springtime. All the little white blossoming plum trees

and all the bees droning around them in the lazy warm sunshine. And the sky above, so blue, so blue, and the nearby streams all so happy and singing. Then, later in the autumn what fun it is to gather the little wild plums. Golden autumn days with thoughts of fiesta and rejoicing, and visitors coming from far away. Indian visitors that come in covered wagons, on

horseback, on burros, and the *touristas* with their funny dark glasses. They come in big cars.

All day long the Indian visitors come and go. They eat and eat until they can't eat any more. Soon it is time for everyone to go out and join in the circle dance.

Mira! Look! Boom! Boom! Round and round and round and round and round. The dancers shuffle in a circle. There is always room for one more.

Boom! Boom! In the middle stands the drummer, beating, beating on a huge enormous drum, with a deep, deep, way-down-deep **BOOM-BOOM-BOOM!** The Indians in the circle go round and round. Visiting Indians join in, even though they speak a different Indian language. They all understand the voice of the drum—**BOOM—BOOM—BOOM!**

And the song sings on—Aye, Aye, Aye! Aye, Aye, Aye! Jingle, Jangle! Gourds rattling, tomtoms beating.

Suddenly the chieftains are standing swathed in their white sheets on top of the pueblo roofs. They are calling out orders in a strange language, an old-fashioned Indian language. Little Cruz can't make out many of the words, but

he does know the big moment has come.

Yes, the Oklahoma Indians have started doing a feather dance. What colored feathers! There is much yelling now. Horses gallop by. It seems as if a million corks are going to pop! The Koshari are making strange gestures. Now they are beginning to climb the greased pole. Do you think it is easy to climb that tall, thick, greased pole? Oh, no, it just looks easy, and the Koshari keep right on being funny and silly, just as if it were the easiest thing in the whole world.

Everyone is looking up. All the people standing and sitting on the roofs of the pueblo, all the people standing on the plaza, everyone is looking up—to the top of the pole! To the victor belong the spoils. Up there hang the slaughtered lamb, the lengths of gaily colored calicos, the strings of colored corn, the bundles of *bisquitchitas*, the bundles of fried bread, and the plum tarts—who wouldn't like to have all those good things? But try to get them! The Koshari yell the craziest things while they are trying to climb. They make monkey shines, but one by one they go down again. All but one—Juanito. The people watch. Will he make it? There is a silence. It is a high pole. It is slippery. It is thick. But Juanito pushes up and up—a little at a time. Up and up. Your head goes farther and farther back, and your mouth stays open—and HE MADE IT! Now Juanito sits on top of the pole. All the people begin to yell, the drums beat,

the bells jingle jangle, and Juanito finds a bottle of coke tied at the top. A Koshari at the bottom of the pole ties a bottle opener to a string that Juanito has let down—and up goes the bottle opener. Juanito drinks his coke and yells crazy things down to the people. He feels happy. He lets down, one by one, all of the prizes tied to the pole. He does it leisurely and with many remarks. Finally good old Juanito slides down, the hero of the day. What shouting!

Little Cruz and big sister San Tonita feel very high and mighty, for old Juanito is their uncle. They help him carry home his prizes. They are so proud they can hardly speak. They all walk in single file behind Juanito, with bundles on their heads, in their hands, on their backs. People and pigs and dogs and chickens and goats all follow to the door of Juanito's house, shouting and yelling.

The rest of the day is spent buying and selling. Little Cruz doesn't know when the end of this day comes because he has fallen sound asleep on his sheepskin by the fireplace. Beside him is his new drum and there is a plum tart in one hand and a *bisquitchita* in the other, with crumbs on his half-open mouth. What a wonderful day it has been!

Even though the dancers speak different languages, they all understand the voice of the drum



HELP FOR HOLLAND

The American National Red Cross and American Junior Red Cross have helped Holland bind up her war wounds. And the brave people in the Netherlands are grateful. The drawing of a windmill (right) came in a thank-you letter sent by a Dutch child to the American Junior Red Cross.

Below: A Dutch school reopens. The school supplies sent in American Junior Red Cross gift boxes have been a great help to children and teachers in the Netherlands and many other countries



OFFICIAL NETHERLANDS PHOTO

When bombs burst Dutch dikes, villages were flooded with muddy water. Below: Housewives welcome soap sent by the American Red Cross



RED CROSS PHOTOGRAPH BY HAZEL KINGSBURY
American Junior Red Cross gift boxes delight Dutch children (above and below). "They have had so little for so long," the schoolmaster said



RED CROSS PHOTOGRAPH BY HAZEL KINGSBURY



RED CROSS PHOTOGRAPH BY HAZEL KINGSBURY

